The Bystander, September 15, 1920. No. 876. Vol. LXVII

The BYSTANDER

BY ALFRED LEETE

IN BATTLE ARRAY

ENTERTAINMENTS

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540.) 2.30 and 7.45.
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[By A. E. W. MASON]
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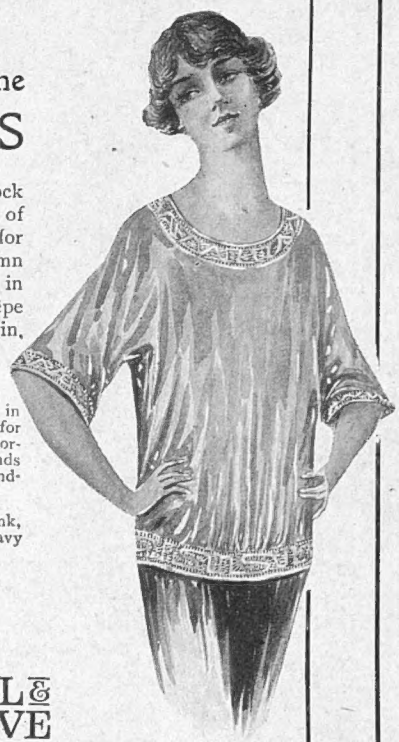

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The "Underminers"

HATS off to Sir Robert Horne! Through the whole of last Thursday's momentous conference with the representatives of the "Underminers" he showed a grasp of the situation, a tact and courtesy, which a lesser man would have found it difficult—probably impossible—to display under such trying circumstances. Imagine, for instance, Mr. Smillie in the President's place, subject to the venomous remarks of a body of middle-class men—Mr. Smillie may rest assured that in such a case of reversed conditions he would get it even worse in the neck—and how would such as he have stood the ordeal? The details of the picture may easily be filled in by the imagination, when it will form a telling allegory, entitled "Government Under Labour." Sir Robert did his best, but, as was unhappily expected, the Conference was abortive, and the country is faced once more with the *status quo ante*—in a word, the refusal of the miners to recognise any sort of justice in either Parliament or a tribunal such as the Industrial Court, on which they themselves would be represented—in fact, to acknowledge the "equity" of anything at all except what they imagine to be their own omnipotent powers. The *arrière pensée* involved in their present attitude is, of course, clear enough. What they want is so to spoil the coal industry that if and when at length they may be able to foist nationalisation upon the country, compensation payable may be reduced to a merely nominal figure.

Possible "Chills"

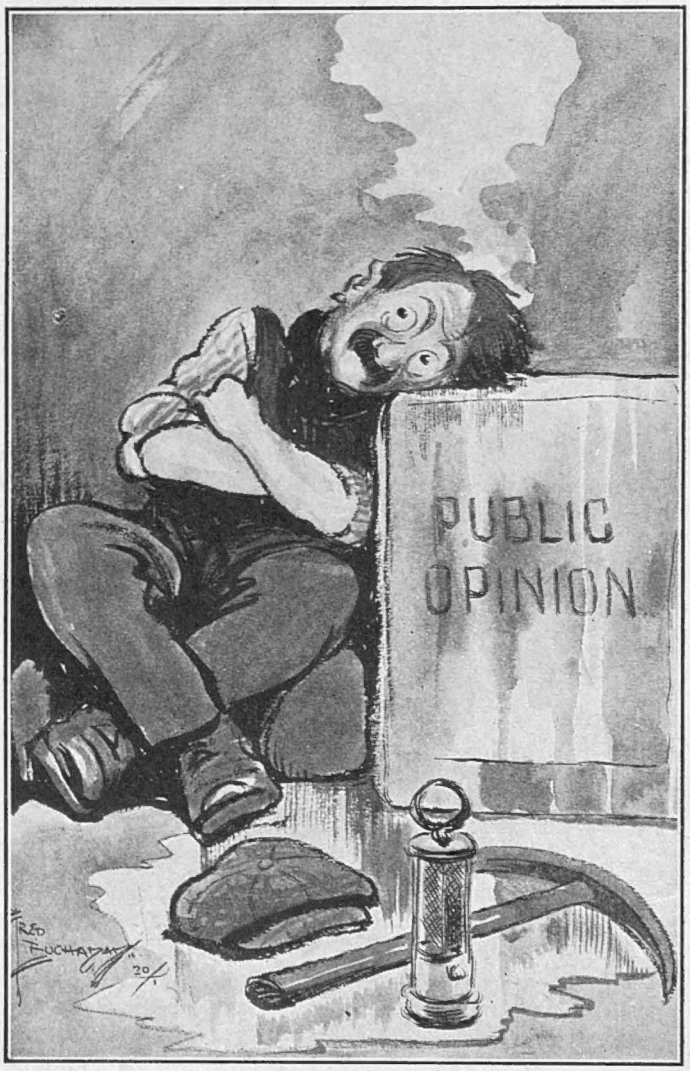
HENCE the adamantine insistence upon the 14*s.* 2*d.* reduction in the price of coal. Clearly no other interpretation is possible, for while the average miner is very much interested in a possible rise in wages, he really doesn't care two straws what the public has to pay. Why should he? He gets his own coal for next to nothing. And if he imagines that the public is to any degree hoodwinked by the clap-trap his leaders put upon the point, he will find he is very much mistaken. It leaves the average man absolutely cold, and, as things are now, perhaps the only hope of averting the calamity of a strike at the end of the month lies in the possibility of the said average man being so "cold" as to chill the miner's hot head by intimate contact! Meanwhile it is good to hear that preparations for the coming contest—if it has to be—are well in hand.

Autumn Days

THE end of the holiday season is upon us. Upon most of us, I suppose I should say, for I see that Blackpool, and other resorts much favoured by the rich, have started a second season even more crowded than the first. The big photograph in last week's BYSTANDER of the site of the Blackpool beach does not look much like the end of the season. But to me the interesting thing about this second season it that, according to reports from the places themselves, it is not made by people who have put off their holiday in the hope of better weather or cheaper accommodation, but for the most part by the same people who formed the crowd at the beginning and in the height of the first season. Our ruling class, it seems, is having a second helping of the seaside this year.

"Having a Couple"

WELL, I suppose they are to be congratulated on being able to indulge in such harmless and



By FRED BUCHANAN

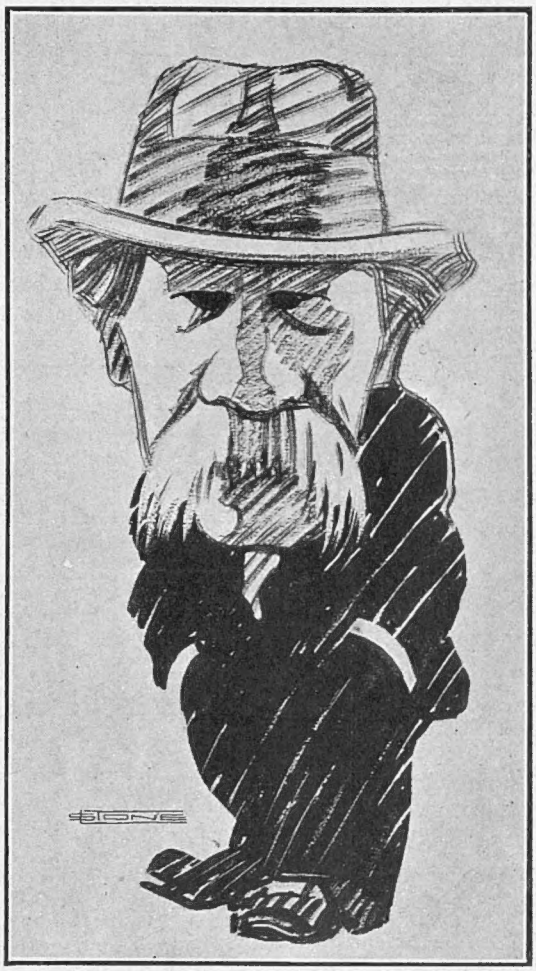
WILL IT EFFECT A CURE?

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

healthy luxuries. But I realise now that I wasted my sympathy on the Lancashire man who complained some weeks ago that he had finished his holiday and still had £40 left. He and his like in many thousands have evidently had a brain wave. What one holiday can't do, perhaps a couple may. It's a pity the idea did not occur to the young collier who was found on a beach a couple of weeks ago quite drunk and almost penniless as the result of a manful attempt to spend £72 in less than three weeks. These people ought to take lessons in the noble art of spending money. I would recommend some of them to try Deauville, which, from what I have been reading about it lately, my American friends would probably spell "Dough-ville."

Back to School

But for another section of the ruling class, or one which at any rate is putting in a big claim to rule, the holidays are nearly over. Smith minor is about to return to school—unless he strikes, but he does not seem to have any representative at Portsmouth. During the holidays there were other fish to fry. But with the leisure and long evenings of the winter term Smith minor will have time to look after things. I shall expect to see some strong stuff from him and his friends in the *Morning Post* before long. These fifth and sixth-formers who have been wasting their holiday-time in writing are getting a bit long in the tooth and inclined to presume. They won't give Smith minor a chance even in the school mag. The *Morning Post* is more catholic. As for these Oxford Johnnies, I'm sure Smith II regards them as practically senile.



By Lawrence Stone

"THE PROPHET OF THE SMILLIENIUM"

The Aged Undergraduate

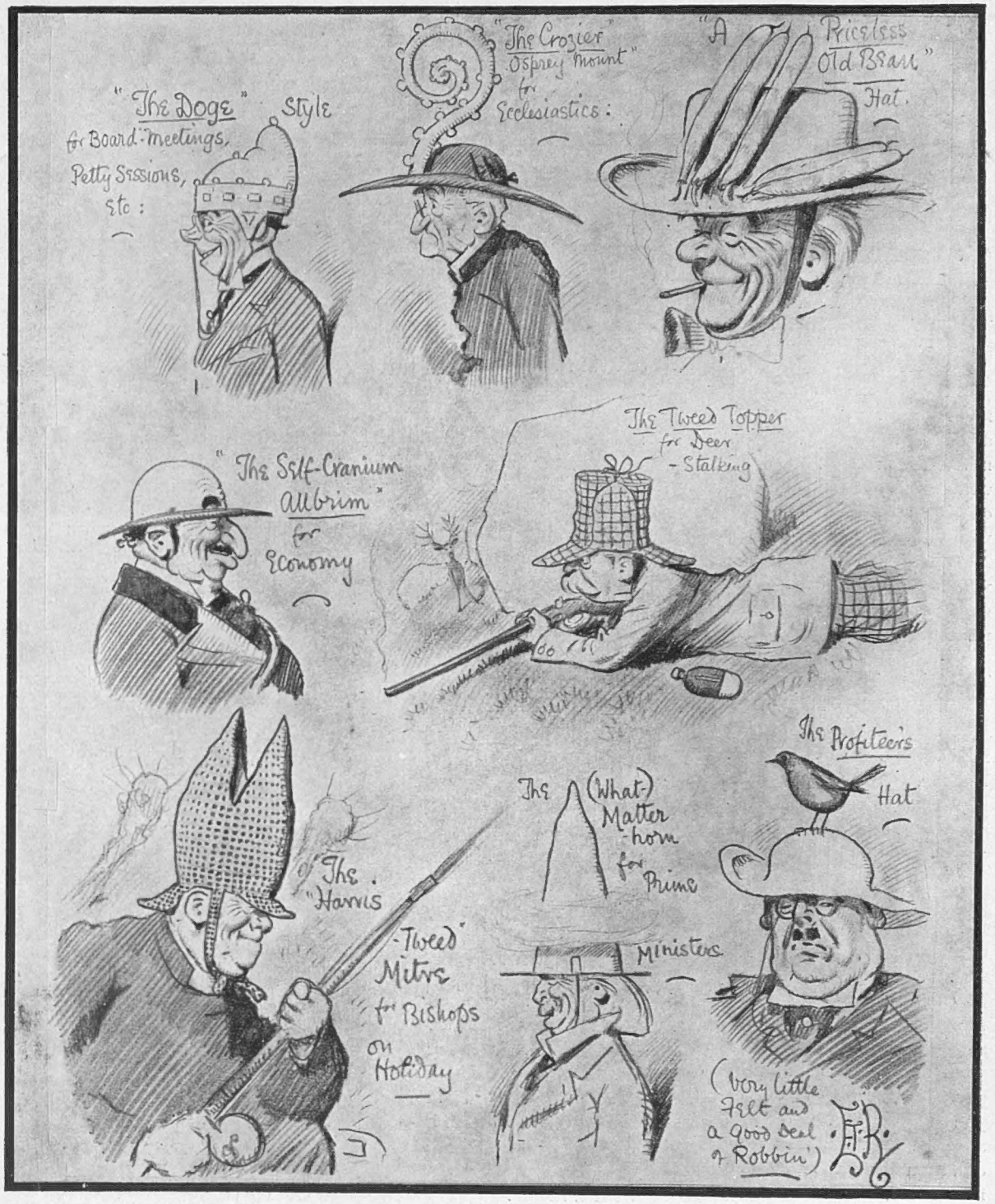
Indeed, in this last point, Smith minor has a good deal on his side. The first disease that attacks the undergraduate is age, pitiless age. Look at Mr. Nichols. He has taken to "writing to the paper," not one paper but several, about things—a sure sign of disgruntled middle-age. Then, how he lashes the "flamboyant insolence" of Rudyard Kipling!—the typical attitude and language of disillusioned elderliness towards the work of a young man. Most of us have suffered this early attack of age. But most of us get over it by degrees—and with them. Mr. Nichols, however, is President elect of the Oxford Union. I very much doubt if an ex-President of the Union ever fully recaptures his youth. Smith minor is the man for my money. He is really young. When he fully realises what is going on, I am sure that he will never rest contented with playing second fiddle to a fourteen-year-old collier boy, whose vote can stop the machinery of the British Empire.

Hats—and Horses

I fancy that the people who are trying to design a new hat for men are wasting their time. The designs published so far remind me more than anything of those atrocities manufactured some years ago with the idea of protecting our horses' heads from the tropical sun of the English summer. I believe that it was found that not one, not even the most hideous, protected the right spot. But for a time they succeeded in making the friend of man look supremely ridiculous. The idea now, I suppose, is to make man look so. With what object I cannot surmise—but, though, of course, it may only be a coincidence, the one certainly marked the beginning of the end of the horse. Is the other to mark our downfall? And what is to supersede us as the "sharra-bang" has superseded the horse? Our number is up if we wear any of the designs I have referred to. Any one of them would "do in" even Winston.

The New F.O.

"Beyond comment," or "comment is needless," like "beyond the power of words to describe," are often the refuge of the hurried or the lazy. But what is one to say about our self-appointed rulers and governors? Is the seat of Government at Portsmouth Town Hall or at Westminster? It is from the former that have been dispatched to Riga Messrs. Adamson and Purcell "for the purpose of obtaining and forwarding accurate and first-hand information respecting the situation," caused by "the failure of the Minsk negotiations." I hope Mr. Balfour, now in charge of the old Foreign Office, feels properly sat upon. But perhaps he has seen to it that Riga still has its famous tiger, and in good appetite. If so, and Messrs. Adamson and Purcell can be lured into taking a ride, after the fashion of



"NEW HAT DESIGNS FOR MEN" By E. T. Reed

One of our contemporaries, which is not likely to languish for want of *réclame* or Press notices, is offering a prize of £100 for pleasant novelties in men's hats. The above suggestions will, of course, romp home

the oft-quoted young lady, why, then, "at the end of the ride," the tiger should have a twin smile upon his face. So should I.

Unconvincing

PERHAPS, however, it is not surprising that the Labour leader, as he still calls himself, should prefer to busy himself with politics, home and foreign, rather than say too much just now about those whom he leads—so long as he goes in the direction they push. It must be difficult to be really convincing in an appeal to the world's pity for those who can take two summer holidays in one summer; who can keep the country roads, not on one or two days a week, but every day in the week, filled with sharrabang joy-riders; who are prosecuted in batches for non-payment of income tax; who can keep their own motor-cars; who attract to their markets the pick of the more expensive and luxurious foods; who can boast of a "pony putter," whatever that may be, who, aged twenty, working five days a week, receives for it £14 7*s.* 7*d.* It is useless to deny the prosperity of these people, for it is evident to the most casual observer. There are others, no doubt, suffering in proportion. But they are too poor to be "worth while." They are not even Bolshies.

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

If They Nationalised Racing

IF ever we do have a Bolshie Government I wonder what they will do about race-meetings. If they abolish capital away go the Derby, Ascot, Newmarket, Doncaster, and all the rest with a stroke of the pen. You can't run a racing-stable without capital, and, myself, I can't see the type of man who will be in a Bolshie Government agreeing to a nationalisation of racing.

The Miners' Sport

ON the other hand, they couldn't argue that racing was a sport of the rich. Doncaster last week stands as an answer to that. All Yorkshire and a large part of Durham and Lancashire seemed to be there. It was a record attendance, and for the meeting, at any rate, the coal strike, the engineering dispute, Ireland, and Mesopotamia were given the go-by. Thousands of miners were there. It is a pity someone doesn't point out to them that if you begin toppling over private ownership in one direction you stop private ownership in another. Mr. Smillie's pet project of nationalising the mines, it carried into effect, would shut up a good many stables, and the miners themselves would be the first to feel the loss of the sport.

Personalities

LIKE the miners, the racing contingent were undismayed by all the threatenings in the air, for they mustered so strongly that more applications for seats on the County Stand were received than could be granted. The other stands, too, were crowded. On Read's Stand, Sir Samuel Hordern represented the Jockey Club of Australia, Sir William Garstin the Jockey Club of South Africa, and M. St. Alaric the Jockey Club of France. The Duchess of Newcastle, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Chaplin, Lord Lonsdale, and Lord Savile were amongst the veteran racegoers. I wonder how many St. Legers these six people have seen in their lives? I doubt if they have ever missed one since they first went a-racing.

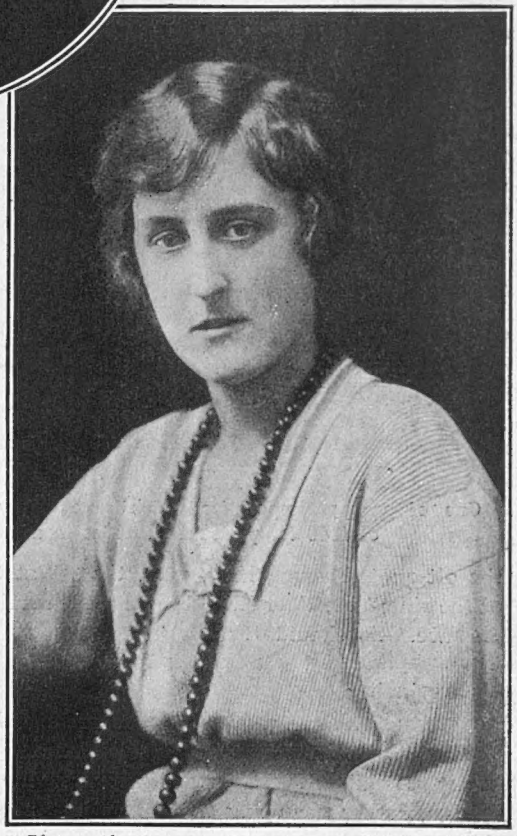
LORD HARDINGE OF PENSHURST

Where Some of the Money Has Gone

I HEAR from friends abroad that the sensational winnings at the tables at Deauville by no means stand alone, and wherever baccarat is played gains — and losses — have never been bigger. At Aix-les-Bains prodigious amounts of money have passed across the green cloth. The same story comes from Dieppe, Dinard, and other places, even quiet inland watering-places where *petits chevaux* is the chief attraction.

The plungers seem to be chiefly South Americans, some of whom are so rich that they literally don't know what to do with their money. Colossal sums of the loans raised by the Allies during the War went to South America, and one hears of cattle-breeders in the Argentine who from being in moderately easy circumstances six years ago are now multi-bultis. The Armies had to be fed. South America provided the bulk of the meat. There

(*Continued on page 672*)



Photographs *Elliott and Fry*

THE HON. DIAMOND HARDINGE

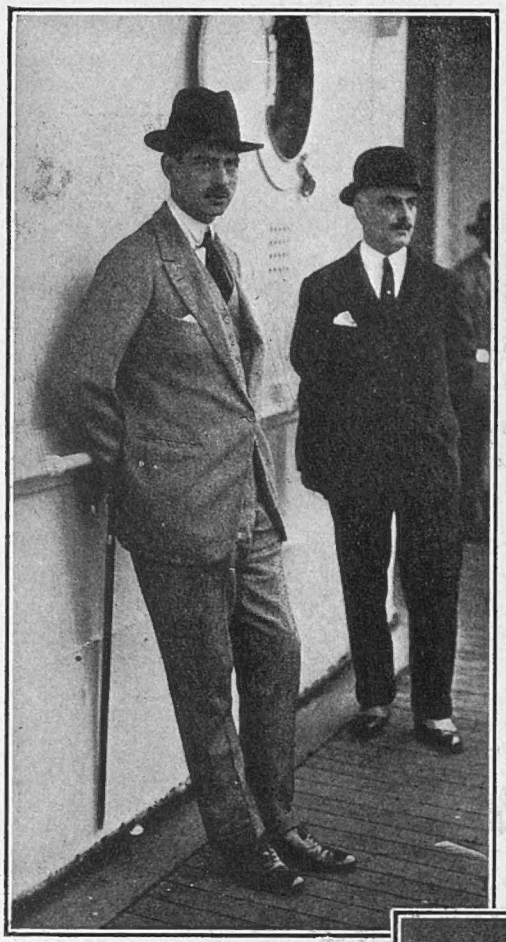
Only daughter of Lord Hardinge. Lord Hardinge, who was until recently Permanent Secretary of the Foreign Office, has just been appointed to succeed Lord Derby at the British Embassy in Paris in November

A Princess for South Africa

Photograph *Corbett*

H.R.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

Who will shortly be leaving for South Africa with her husband, Prince Arthur, who is going out to take up his duties as Governor-General of the Union



Photograph *Central News*

PRINCE CAROL OF ROUMANIA

Photographed on board the "Aquitania" on arrival at Southampton last week

Photograph *Sport and General*

"ALLENBY'S" OWNER AND MRS. HOLDEN

Mr. Raphael (in centre), the well-known racehorse owner, in the paddock at Doncaster during the races last week. The great race of the Doncaster Meeting, the St. Leger, was won by "Caligula," an outsider at 100 to 6

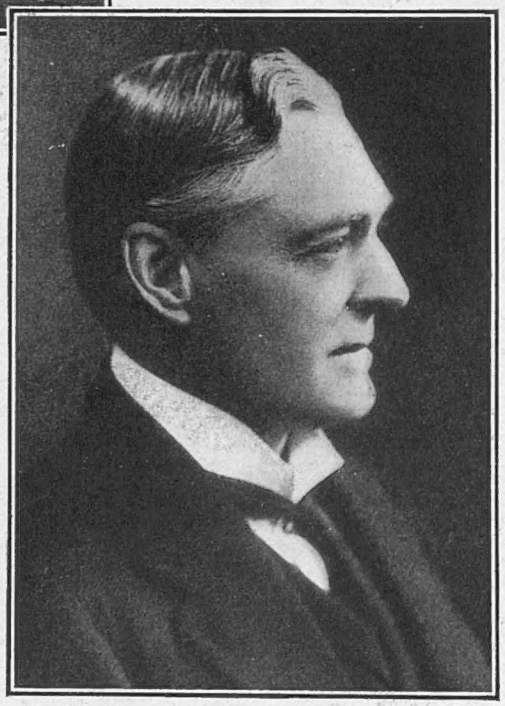
was a steady flow of food to Europe and money to South America. If some of the latter is finding its way back to Europe *via* the gaming tables of France it is only another instance of what, I think, Mr. Lloyd George once called the "eternal laws of compensation" when he was coquetting with the idea of taxing dukes out of existence.

The Celebrity Hunter and the Cinema Star

At a certain French seaside resort, much frequented by the *beau monde*, there lives an English dame of a most hospitable and kindly nature. But the lady has a besetting weakness. She is a passionate collector of celebrities, and makes a particular point of seeking the acquaintance of every "distinguished" person who comes to the place.

Barriers

Now—this must be said under the breath—there are many cinema stars whose genius in dumb-crambo brings them a princely income and gives delight to thousands, but who could never have a place upon the stage. Accent and certain essentials in the King's English present an insuperable barrier. In their case silence is most truly golden. Well, a renowned cinema-actor came to repose himself and his manly beauty at this French watering-place. The English dame made many enquiries amongst her acquaintances, but nary a one of them had ever met the "star." Introduction, therefore, seemed impossible.



Photograph *Maull and Fox*

AUSTRALIA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL

The Rt. Hon. Lord Forster, P.C., G.C.M.G., who has been appointed Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia

The Introduction

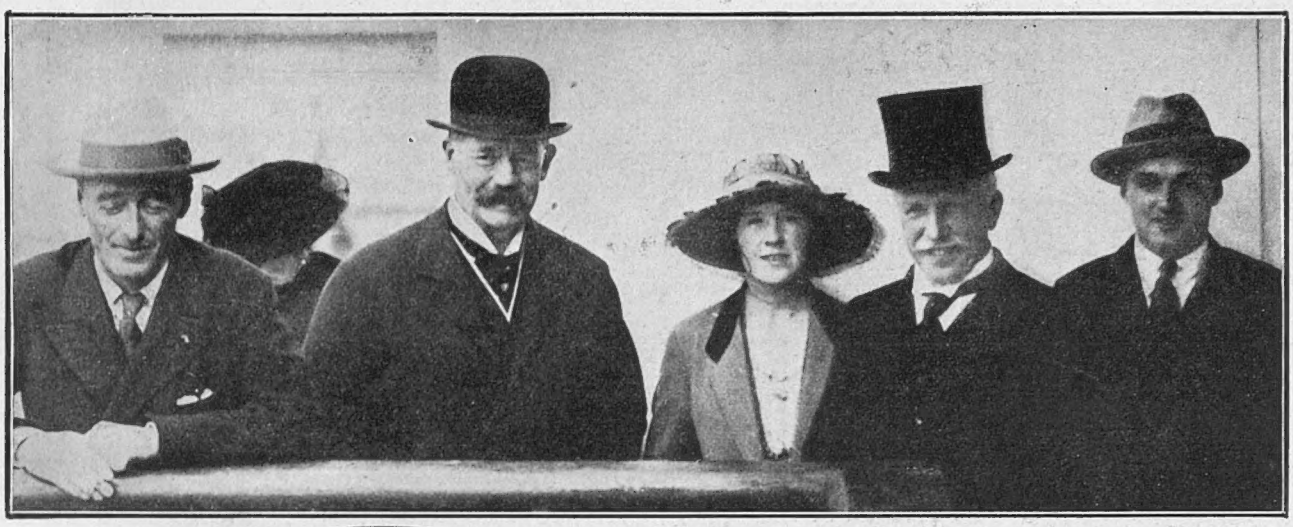
Pushed by her collector's passion, the dame one morning introduced herself to the cinema-lion *sans atours*, "I feel I must speak to you, Mr. ——, to tell you how much I enjoy your acting. I think you are splendid, and I always make a point of going to the cinema whenever they give a film with you in it. I am Mrs. X."

Naturally, the "star" was pleased and flattered, since Mrs. X is well-known as a social power in ——. A short, very short, conversation followed, then the "star," taking the dame affectionately by the arm, said:

"You're a regular topper! I see you and me are going to be No. 1 top-hole pals. Let's go round to the Café de France and have a tiddley!"

The Epilogue

The lady's answer is unknown. All that is known is her indignant recital of the story, and her stony stare whenever the "star" crosses her line of



Photograph *Central News*

GENERAL SEELY AND LORD DESBOROUGH OFF TO CANADA

They are here seen on board the C.P.O.S. Prince Friedrich Wilhelm before sailing from Liverpool. With them are the Lord Mayor of Liverpool and his daughter, who saw them off, and Mr. H. J. A. Seely, General Seely's son

Photograph *Sport and General*

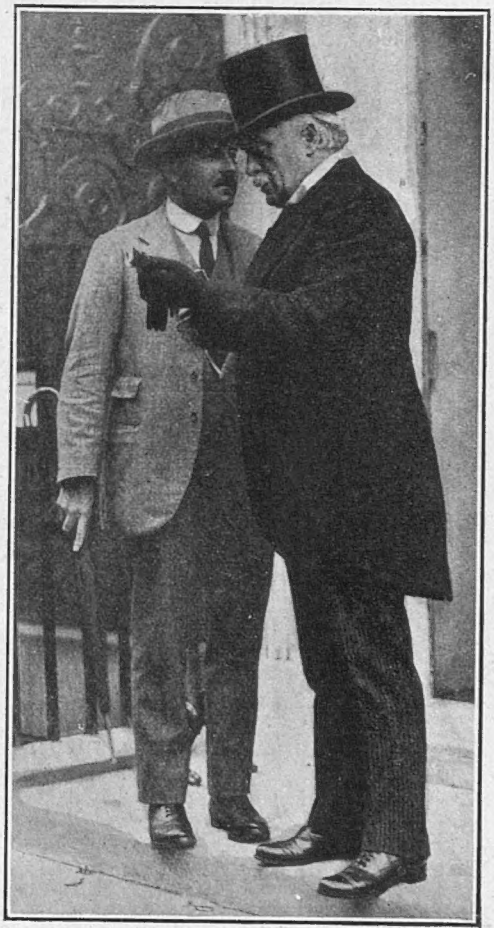
THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY AND HER DAUGHTER

Lady Joan Villiers, the latter seated on her pony, "Strawberry King," a competitor in one of the children's classes at Bicester Hunt Horse Show last week

vision. But at——even a cup of tea has become a "tiddley."

The Heather at Hindhead

THERE is no need to go to Scotland for the "bonnie purple heather." It has rarely been in greater beauty or perfection than it is this year at Hindhead. As far as one can see, for miles the country looks as if it were covered with a magic carpet of shimmering, changing colour. Here and there are wide bare patches where the training camps were pitched, notably at Bramshott, but in a year or two these will all be covered. Out on these great stretches of common-land, with their belts and clumps of fir-trees, the green hills in the distance, and the heather, "purple, purple all the way," it is difficult to realise one is not over the Border, and that you will see the guns and the gillies coming over the skyline. A wet summer seems to suit heather. Just now it is at its best moment. Perhaps this is why all the hotels in the neighbourhood are *choc-à-bloc*. For those who are tied to London it is worth a railway journey, even at increased fares, to see this spectacle of beauty.



Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

"PUTTING ON THE GLOVES"

The Prime Minister arrived home suddenly last week from Lucerne, and is here seen setting out from No. 10, Downing Street. But we would rather have seen him *take off* his gloves to tackle one, at least, of the outstanding problems of the country to be solved

"Well and Truly Laid"

Photograph *Ernest Brooks*

THE PRINCE OF WALES, DURING HIS AUSTRALIAN TOUR, LAYS THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW FEDERAL CAPITOL AT CANBERRA

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE BYSTANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

BUTTERFLY

On the South Coast, *Sept.* 13

Dear Cousin—

There's a sort of a caressing feeling about these soft September days by the sea that seems very, very nearly to make up even for the (must be confessed) *rather* frequent and longish absences of the sun. Summer's last embrace—a sad and wistful one, perhaps, but infinitely tender, and full of the accumulated, collected, concentrated warmth of many moons.

September . . . it is a farewell, but such a beautiful farewell that almost we forget the chill future in the golden loveliness of the present. It is a time for remembering rather than looking forward, and that, I suppose, is part of its charm. A time when we are encompassed with memories, real and unreal, remembrances of joys that have been.

Golden or grey, September holds always that elusive charm, that sweet sadness of memory that belongs to "the turn o' the year." But holds, too, its own very positive and definite joys, especially here by the ever-changing, changeless sea, where the smiling little bay nestles so surprisingly in the midst of a long stretch of dreary Kentish coast, running blithely down, clad, almost to the water's edge, in its panoply of gentle green, like a morsel of Devon planted by some migrant bird in alien soil.

Yet they are very friendly, too, these white cliffs that peep out above and through the clinging trees and shrubs. These are those same white cliffs, so often hymned, so dearly loved, that stand above all and will ever stand, in, oh! so many hearts, for—

England, our England. . . .

Joy of the home-coming traveller, landmark which brought, but a few short years ago, a pang, a throb, that we who remain can scarcely realise, to how many thousands of them that then had fared forth in ways fraught with almost unthinkable peril and pain, and returned—for a space. Returned, perhaps once, perhaps twice, and then. . . .

But that is one of the memories, memories proud but so poignant we must not dwell on them overmuch if we are to "carry on." To-day we gather, without thought of yesterday or to-morrow, the roses of to-day. Starting, after long dreamless sleep, with that sharp test of the true holiday-maker, the before-breakfast bathe. Worth it, you know, even the agonising shiver of donning yesterday's still wet bathing-dress and shoes, for the sake of that afterglow of combined virtue and hunger, which works havoc with the (more or less) spacious *menu* of the hotel breakfast.

And then the fine careless rapture of the first post-prandial cigarette. . . . The sweet luxurious languor of the waiting-for-the-next-bathe interval. . . . The redoubled pleasure of bathe number two (or three), when we're thoroughly warmed up with a set or two of lawn tennis or a few holes of golf. . . . The joyous wolfing of lunch or dinner, every nerve tingling with the lovely feel of cleanness and saltness and don't-care-what-happens-nextness. . . . The half-sleepy drinking in of all the glories of kindly September darkness, the velvet air, the gently glowing moon, the friendly stars—and the soft sinking, at last, into tired, but not too tired, oblivion. . . . Oh! it's good to be by the sea in England now, now September's here.

Though if we looked at it seriously and soberly (which, of course, by the sea, we happily can't), really and truly, you know, one of the worst, some ways, and most calamitous Septembers yet. Everything costing more, and less to pay for it with. Even the mere bread and butter wherewith the simplest liver must sustain existence, gone up to heights undreamed of since the Crimean War, or

"The joyous wolfing of lunch"

thereabouts. Railway fares riz again, telegrams and things dearer, and what with the sudden leap and bound in petrol prices, promising prospects of everything shooting still further heavenwards all round. And, oh! by the way, prospects still looming of a coal strike—which really would fairly put us finally in the soup and completely in the cart.

"Everything costing more and less to pay for it"

Not to mention, of course, wars and rumours of more wars. . . . But, who cares . . . by the sea? Where the most agonising anxiety is whether it'll be a fine day for fishing or the tide high enough for bathing or low enough to pursue the elusive prawn—the most carking care centred in the problem of gathering together a team for the Visitors *v.* Residents cricket match or collecting the correct quota for to-night's little dance. And why, after all, as Mr. W. H. Davies puts it in his new "Poems"—

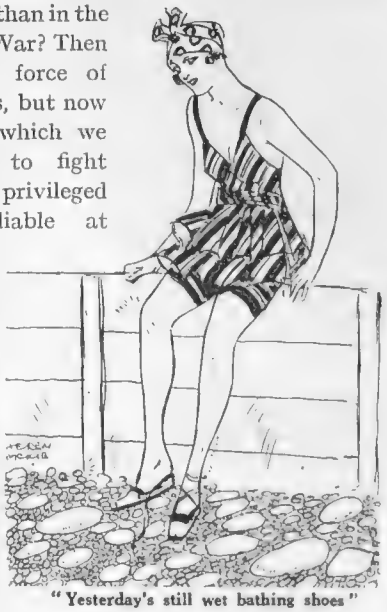
> And why should common shelter, bread and meat,
> Keep all our faculties in their employ,
> And leave no time for ease, while Summer's in
> The greenwood, purring like a cat for joy?

卐 卐

For summer, I suppose, read autumn, by the calendar, but then our seasons have got just a little bit mussed up (as they say "over there") this year, haven't they? Here, anyway, the (alleged) summer's rains have left the trees still fresh and green, with hardly a leaf beginning to turn, and in the verandah before the little cottage one can still sit cloakless and wrapless (accompanied by slumb'rous dragon dogs), gazing lazily over a (sometimes) sun or moon-lit sea.

卐 卐

Peace, for a little while, anyway—though always, of course, one is conscious in the background of the hurts that will ache again, the shadows that loom. Of those wars and rumours of wars, and war's aftermath, too, that is not the least black of all. "I wonder," writes one of those who came back, "how many people realise that it's infinitely harder 'fighting on' now than in the days of the Great War? Then we had the full force of opinion behind us, but now all the ideals for which we were privileged to fight (for not all were privileged to die) are liable at the slightest pretext to be thrown into the melting-pot and the whole issue left at the mercy of unpatriotic 'extremists.' In my own line of business, the engineering one, the present state of things puts the 'wind up' me much more than the Boche ever did.



"Yesterday's still wet bathing shoes"

卐 卐

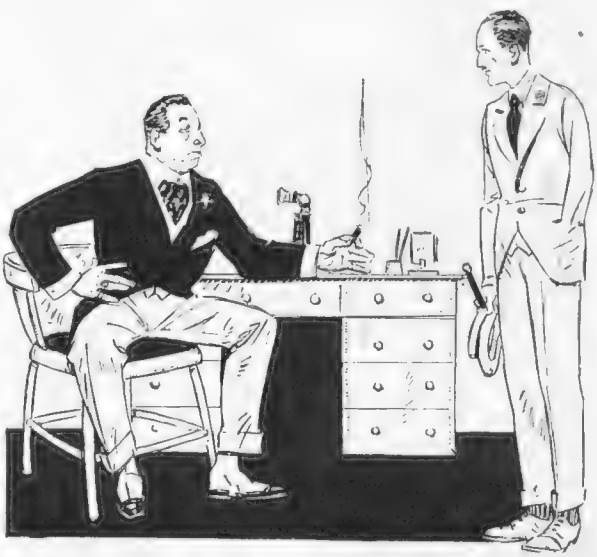
"A few of us (comparatively) have gone back, in some endeavour to regain what we lost in the ravages of five or more years of service—and have gone back right to the bottom. We try to carry on to the best of our ability, but find that all our foolish efforts of those five years are reckoned just as time wasted. It really does seem an almost hopeless job."

卐 卐

Our debt of honour, someone's called it, to find for those who fought for us . . . no, not statues or swords of honour, or even illuminated addresses or votes of thanks. Just a bare living, a place in the world, at least something like what they gave up to save the rest of us from such ruin and destruction, as we can hardly even imagine. Not putting it any too high, is it, anyway?

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette



"Those five years are reckoned time wasted"

Irish Society Very Much "At Home"

IN SPITE OF SINN FEIN AND ALL ITS WORKS

THE MISSES TUPPER

Daughters of Admiral Sir Reginald Tupper, K.C.B., Naval Commander-in-Chief of the Coast of Ireland, in the grounds of Admiralty House, Queenstown

LADY PATRICIA, LADY DORIS, AND LADY URSULA BLACKWOOD

The three daughters of the Countess Howe and nieces of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava photographed at Clandeboye, Co. Down, the Dufferin's family residence.

Photographs *Poole, Waterford.*

THE HON. MRS. PRITTIE WITH HER TWO SONS, DESMOND AND TERENCE

Mrs. Prittie is the wife of Major the Hon. Cornelius Prittie, elder son and heir of Lord Dunalley, who is His Majesty's Lieutenant for Co. Tipperary. This photograph was taken at Kilboy, Tipperary.

A Woman's Prerogative

BY LESLIE M. OYLER

"No," said Pamela; but her tone lacked conviction, and Vereker, being young and ardent, would not take her refusal as final. "Won't you change your mind?" he pleaded, "if only——" but she cut him short.

"No," she reiterated, shaking her pretty head, "it's impossible; I'm sorry, dreadfully sorry, but I really can't."

He started forward, protesting, but with an abrupt movement she drew his ring from her slim finger and handed it to him. Then, without another word, she turned and left him.

Vereker, twisting the ring mechanically in his fingers, stood watching her till she was out of sight. Somehow he could hardly believe it; he had felt so sure of her!

"It's never safe to feel sure of a woman," he told himself with sudden, unwonted cynicism, "there is no reliance to be placed on any of them!"

Yet he had thought that Pamela was different.

He was a tall, well-built fellow with an open, eager face, and the sort of brown eyes that one associates with a spaniel. Life to him seemed a simple affair; he knew exactly what he wanted, and having once said he would do a thing he did it. A person who was constantly changing about was an enigma to him—no wonder he found womenkind, suddenly typified by Pamela, complex!

This attitude of hers puzzled him profoundly: were all members of the fair sex so uncertain? he reflected, and, in spite of himself and his own disappointment, his mouth relaxed into a smile at the thought of her. She was so child-like and appealing, so daintily imperious, though apparently she didn't know her own mind for long together.

Her features were irregular, there was no denying that, her small nose was decidedly *retroussé*, and in one of her intensely blue eyes was a most captivating brown spot; then there was her little pointed chin—judged by the rules of classical beauty she fell far below the standard—but what did regular features matter when compared with the fascinating array of dimples which broke up the rare gravity of her face?

Vereker sighed, put the ring away out of his sight, and went back to work. An hour, two hours dragged by; the heat was unendurable, and he longed for the cool of evening. Massed black clouds were coming up against the wind, then there was a sulky growl of thunder.

"Looks as if we are in for a bad storm," muttered Vereker, and, as he spoke, the door burst open and he heard the patter of high-heeled shoes.

It was Pamela, radiant, starry-eyed, with all her dimples in action. She ran towards him eagerly.

"I had to come!" she cried, "even though there's going to be a storm. I couldn't wait—" she stopped, out of breath.

"Yes?" said Vereker, expectantly; all his hopes had returned in full force, did she mean?——

"Yes, I've changed my mind," she announced, "I *will* buy that pearl ring, I'm sure it's a bargain. Oh, I was *so* afraid that you might have sold it, but I see it's still in the window!"

By Arthur Ferrier

THE ALTRUIST

She (*after a kiss*): "George, you forget yourself!"
He: "Oh! well, I can think of myself any old time"

Those War Reminiscences

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Was he in D Company?" "No!"
"Ginger 'air and a squint?" "No!"
"D.C.M. and made a sergeant?" "No!"
"Lost 'is front teeth at Baghdad?" "No!"
"Then it's 'im right enough!"

Europe's Newest Great Power.

BY THE BYSTANDER-BACKED-OUT-OF-BERLIN

FROM a bench near the fairly good poet Goethe's "Garten-Haus" at Weimar, the Bystander-Backed-out-of Berlin blinks at the setting sun, and surveys Europe's Newest Great-Power. It is not called Slovako-Mazuria or Moravo-Transsylvania. It's *Das Land Thueringien*—the brand-new State of Thueringia. It's the latest grim specimen of Germanic perfidy. While the slow diplomats of Versailles, Hythe, and Criccieth were vainly trying to keep Deutschthum under by propping up rickety Poland, and forbidding rickety German-Austria to join rickety German-Germany, the sly Great-Power creation was accomplished. Full-armed (with Jena students' beer-mugs), the State Thueringia sprang into being; and the greatest instance of fissiparous disunity in ultra-fissiparous Germany came to an end. And now, at Hythe, Blackpool, or Pevensey Bay, a new International Conclave will have . . .

WHEN the B.-B.-out-of-B. dropped into Weimar he could not recognise his Thueringia. "Citizens of great states," said bad Bismarck, "have a certain impressive demeanour." Thueringia's hills are the same; Weimar still has cows in its outlying streets; and the showroom of Duke Bernhard, and . . . But you wouldn't know the Thueringian. This mild, dreamy, poeticising, un-Prussic gentleman now looks stern, erect, confident, patronising, MILITARISTIC. He's got the Great-Power consciousness. The fact is: eight Thueringian Statelets, whose feuds, divisions, dynastic complications, and more-than-Great-Power jealousies ornamented Europe's history for three hundred years, have now welded themselves in one; and Das Land Thueringien — the New Great-Power Thueringia—is the overwhelming result.

NATURALLY, Weimar citizens look proud. Their New Great Power Thueringia covers 11,600 square kilometres. It embraces 1½ million inhabitants, who embrace one another—the B.-B.-out-of-B. saw nine couples kissing in the Schloss-Park. The Revolution accomplished what the greatest statesmen failed at. It fused together Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Meiningen, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Gotha, Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Reuss-of-the-Elder-Line and Reuss-of-the-Younger-Line (all of them until 1918 sovereign duchies and principalities) into one mighty

WHAT GERMANY PRETENDS TO THINK
(From "Kladderadatsch," Berlin)

Republic; and this new Republic takes seventh place for area among German States, and first place for dignity—in the minds of its citizens.

BISMARCK united Germany. The name of the mute inglorious Bismarck who united Thueringia the B.-B.-out-of-B. cannot find out. The Mayor's clerk, met in a Beer-Garden, affirms that it was "circumstances." He staggered the B.-B.-out-of-B. by adding that the fusion was only "the last stage in a prolonged historical process"; and mentioned that formerly there were thirteen other Thueringian States "of the Ernestine Saxon Line," and five others "of the Albertine Saxon Line"; and he began to list them: Saxe-Jena, Saxe-Marksuhl, Saxe-Eisenberg, Saxe . . . After he'd paused to take breath and beer, he asked whether the B.-B.-out-of-B. had ever heard of Coburg; and then he told a tale of apostasy which is hard to beat. He told how wicked Coburg, which was an essential fragment of fragmentary Thueringia, refused to join the great Combine, and seceded to mere Bavaria.

COBURG, in fact, is the only Thueringian state not in the Combine. Coburg used to be joined by personal union to Gotha; and its 70,000 natives made up a third of the inhabitants of Saxe-Coburg-and-Gotha. The treacherous Coburgers joined in the general negotiations for union; and when after a frenetic series of Versailles, Hythe, Criccieth, and Pevensey-Bay Congresses, Thueringia formed its majestic conclusion to unite, mean Coburg went behind its back, and hitched on to Bavaria. No such scandal, said the Mayor's clerk, occurred since the war between Reuss-of-the-Elder-Line and Reuss-of-the-Younger-Line. "What was that?" asked the B.-B.-out-of-B. "Reuss-o-t-E.-Line," said the Clerk," stole territory. It pushed the fourth leg of its chief garden seat over Reuss-o.-t-Y-Line's frontier." "How could Coburg be so bad?" asked the B.-B.-out-of-B. "It's *englisch*," said the Clerk. "Thueringia was first peopled by Angles and Varnes (Tacitus' Varini) from Holstein; the Varnes spread everywhere; the Angles squatted in Coburg. Such unexampled treachery. . . ."

FEARING to hear that Prussia was also originally inhabited by Angles, the B.-B.-out-of-B. fled.

"By the Side of the Zuider Zee"

A photographic study by Horace W. Nicholls

MOONLIGHT AT VOLENDAM

The Bystander at Deauville

SKETCHES BY ROSE LE QUESNE

"The short full skirt".

September 10, 1920.

AFTER an arctic spell summer has come again to Deauville, and life goes on with smiles and laughter once again.

VERY horsey we've been these days with a real *pukka* International Horse Show on a small scale. It took place in the open air on the lawns in front of the Royal Hotel, and though most of the time we sat muffled to our noses in furs, and shivered the while, it went with a swing. Amazing, really, in this spot whose *raison d'être*, even in the height of the racing season, is gambling, that so many can tear themselves away from the *tapis vert* in order to follow *le sport*.

RACING is over for this year, and the most amusing event of the season was the very last race of all when the members of the polo club had a fine scurry on their own ponies. The *Pari-mutuel* had closed up its boxes and gone away, but there was a book going, and those of us who had our shirts on Mr. F. W. Egan's Florence were well pleased with the result, for she galloped home bravely in spite of fearful qualms on the part of her owner on account of one of those stiff shoulders that will happen to the best regulated ponies without any known cause.

CIRO'S goes strong in spite of the supposed-to-be-insurmountable attraction of the Casino. Indeed, when you dine there you almost rub your eyes to make sure that you aren't dreaming. So many well-known English faces. All around you the English tongue. It is, indeed, a corner of England in the midst of Deauville which makes one think oneself in Piccadilly.

LADY MICHELHAM has been giving some wonderful parties at her delightful villa, Les Rosiers. She has also instituted the Arthur Capel Cup to be played for each year at Deauville Polo Club. This event came off on Saturday when Lady Michelham herself presented the trophies to the victorious team composed of Comte de Madre, M. Fonquet-Lemaître, M. de Monbrison, and Captain Palmes.

DANCING goes on, too, with renewed vigour. I think we've all got the sound of the music so ringing in our ears that even the most tired of us are dancing from 3.30 p.m. till the pale dawn creeps over the skies. It's a much cheaper form of amusement anyhow than letting all your money trickle down that insatiable *cagnotte*, or watch it being carried *off* by one of those stout gentlemen whose only occupation in life seems to be to run baccarat banks. For you see the same people doing it everywhere. They are at Monte Carlo, Cannes, Aix-les-Bains, Ostend, Deauville. Must pall, I should think, as a manner of gaining a livelihood, even when you do have to be given a waste-paper basket to carry off your packets of *mille* notes. They tell me the nerve strain is tremendous. But the gain is beyond the dreams of the post-war profiteer. Only—it never seems to happen that way when someone you know sits down to have a flutter. The *croupier* calls out "*la banque sera remise*" a few times till the said individual feels he has had enough. And then he gets up and walks away wondering how the other fellow does it. Surely she who guides the chance of cards is the most inscrutable goddess of them all.

THE children have had their day this week. On Thursday

"The dance"

THE BYSTANDER AT DEAUVILLE (*concluded*)

they left those wonderful butterfly kites and the complicated fortresses that make life on the sands one long joy, and they turned up in force in the Casino clad in wondrous array to show the grown-ups what

"Watching the polo"

a fancy dress ball can really be. The Queen of Sheba on a very diminutive scale was sufficiently abandoned to give the whole of her royal favours to a small *apache* who looked as if he could play the part in real earnest.

SMALL, dusky Eastern princes flirted coyly with dainty little Columbines, and little Turkish ladies peeped through their veils at the most dashing pierrots. It was a day of pure joy and nobody had one *arrière pensée* about wondering how the sand was running, because fortunately you can't know anything about such things until you're twenty-one, and so you dance, and dance and dance, and life is just roses and rapture!

WE'VE had our nerves screwed up to one more thrill by a visit of the Grand Guignol. Pretty gruesome and night-mareish: *L'horrible Masque* and *Le Baiser dans la Nuit*; but not quite so overpoweringly horrible on the large stage of Deauville's delightful opera house as in that sinister little theatre in the Rue Chabart.

MARTHE CHENAL has been holding us all enthralled. She followed up *Carmen* by *Sapho*. At the first you could just manage to get into the theatre by standing on the tips of your toes, and not daring to breathe in case you crushed to death the fat lady in front who was holding you up. At the second, half Deauville just clung to the doors outside and caught a note here and there, for there literally wasn't one inch of room left.

THE Potinière is beginning to show the trend of Paris autumn fashions. Too sad the way we're beginning to button up our necks after these long years of

"The latest"

"At Ciro's"

freedom, and it really does seem strange that we're doing it at such a sensible time. I expect, however, that *La Mode* will get back on us in some way or another. Probably our toes will freeze for it seems that boots are no longer to be worn.

AT Deauville, I don't believe any self-respecting woman would be seen without a silvered fox. It's become positively a uniform. Morning, noon, and night we wear it with organdi, serge or silk. Phyllis Monkman looks most attractive in her short ermine coat with its cabalistic designs in black patent leather. Gladys Cooper has passed on and Fanny Ward is back in Paris; but the Plage Fleurie is blossoming gaily with its determination to carry on in spite of its reputation for living only a fortnight.

PETETTE.

Patois and Politics

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

THE people who interest themselves in language—not as a relief for angry feelings, but as a study for serious minds—will find plenty of puzzling material in the speech of the Rhinelanders in a hundred years time. As it is, the local patois shows many traces of former French occupations of Cologne, which is not surprising in a city that a hundred and fifty years ago spoke nearly as much bad French as good German. The source of such French words as survive in the "Kölsch" patois, however, is easy to recognise. But what will the future philologist make of words picked up by Germans from English Tommies who have been five years in France, and only recognise two languages? The one, their mother tongue, is for all Englishmen; the other, which we used to call "Frenglish," and which is nowadays enriched with Tommy's inimitable German, is for all foreigners.

"MADAME" has, of course, remained the correct form of address for all females who have to be regarded more with respect than affection, such as the cook, the Hausfrau, fruit sellers, proprietresses of *cafés*, and the like. "Mademoiselle," however, has given place to "Frohleen" for those of flirtable age. "Promenade"—a word which, by association of ideas, instantly suggests itself—is fortunately the same in both languages, and its complement of "Schokalade" is not hard to reach for "Chocolat," and is just as welcome in either language or country. Indeed, a Cologne comic-singer already describes to German audiences Tommy's first attempts to "heal the wounds of war" as starting with:—

"Kleines Mädchen,
Schokoladchen,
Promenädchen,"

and finishing "Ich lieben dir."

"Females regarded more with respect than affection"

THE Rhineland dialect already maltreats the German tongue sufficiently, but Tommy's corruptions are destined to make confusion worse confounded. How can it be otherwise when half the children of Cologne are singing:

"Gu-Gu-Gu-Gehty,
Gu-Gu-Gu-Gehty,
Yo das only gu-gu-gu-gehl
Dass ich atore,
Wann der Mo-Mond Scheint
Auf der Kuh Kuhshed
Da ich warte bei der
Kü-Kü-Küche Door."

BUT the climax was surely reached a week or so ago, when a party of six small kiddies was discovered playing a sort of round game in which the boys advanced towards the girls (who stood waiting in maidenly abashment), singing to the tune of "Mademoiselle from Armenteers"—

"Klitze Klein Madchen Von
Arnim hier,
Barley Voo?"

Unfortunately, neither the concluding lines of the song, or details as to the nature of the game, are on record.

ONE would like to write of more serious matters in these troubled times, to expose machinations of the German Spartacists in league with the Russian Bolshevists to the detriment of Poland, or at least to show the tendency of the man on the Rhine's aspirations in matters of international import. But alas! he emulates the late Mr. Gallio in the interest he takes in such matters. Even the Rhine Watchers were as much concerned as to who was going to win the "Preis von Cöln" at the German autumn race meeting as they were over the prospects of being sent to "bottle the Bolo." It is deplorable—but then, our summer has been very hot in Cologne. East Prussia may riot, Herr Escherish may organise, and the Ruhr may ferment. The Rhine does not alter his course, and the Rhinelander, feeling secure in the knowledge that he is comfortably Occupied, even if he does grouse at the bill, follows the example of his river.

ERIC GORDON.

"'Promenade' is fortunately the same in both languages"

BY H. L. OAKLEY.

THE VACANT "FLAT"

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

His Lady Friends

AT ST JAMES'S

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

JOAN BARRY AND CHARLES HAWTREY

WHEN I go to the play nowadays I expect to be told that the price of a programme is a dime, or a quarter, as the case may be, since the modern British drama seems to be based on the dollar standard. Mr. Hawtrey's latest success is another American importation, although, I am told, it has been considerably anglicised here and there. Mr. Hawtrey takes the part of James Smith, a successful man of business, and a man of irreproachable reputation, the latter chiefly because his wife hasn't found him out yet. How many of our worthiest citizens—but I digress.

MRS. SMITH is a lady of an economical turn of mind. She is even pleased when the cook gives notice, as her salary will thereby be saved to the household. She is, I should think, the kind of lady who would refuse a new hat in the spring, because the old one will still hang together if it is pinned on cleverly. If Mrs. Smith is not a freak creation, but represents a type, there must be lots of eligible young men who would like to make the acquaintance of the other girls of the family.

MRS. SMITH has a sweet and abiding faith in her husband's constancy, and when he attributes his occasional absences from home to the pressure of business she swallows his story all in one piece. I think the

world must be calling with no uncertain sound for more Mrs. Smiths.

While Mr. Smith is away on his business trips—usually very good business, too—his wife stays at home and helps to save the halfpence—I should say, cents—so that when the play opens Mr. Smith finds he is worth the best part of a million dollars. And being a good sort of fellow, he tells his wife it is about time she began to spend her share of the family income. More than this, he hands her a cheque-book and places no limit on her expenditure. I do not know exactly how the possession of a cheque-book entitles a wife to draw on her husband's account without a previous arrangement with the bankers in respect of her signature, but, then, America is such a go-ahead country, and, no doubt, it is quite all right.

In contrast to Mrs. Smith we have Mrs. Early, who has a playful way of spending her husband's profits before they are earned. She does this not only because she wants the money for herself, but also because she is then satisfied that he has nothing to spend on riotous living. Her creed is summed up in the aphorism, "the only way to keep a husband straight is to keep him broke." And, after all, you can't give much of a champagne supper on the balance of your lunch money.

Thus we see that Mr. Early, who is quite an exemplary person, is always suspected of being a potential rake; while Mr. Smith, who, mariner-like, has a misplaced attachment in every port, is regarded by everybody as a model husband. That is, at least, everybody with the exception of Mrs. Early. It is she who first sets the fur flying, so to speak. She talks as though you must take it for granted that a man who has a lot of money wants a good deal of watching, and she suggests that Mrs. Smith should employ her newly acquired cheque-book for the purpose of paying a private detective a hundred dollars to go on with.

About that time Mr. Smith takes us into his confidence.

This is done in Mr. Hawtrey's best and most unctuous style. There was a pretty little girl who was pining because she was so poor, and there was Smith, with more money than he knew how to spend easily. What could a large-hearted man like that do but take the poor girl under his wing? There is another lady friend of the same kind who lives in Boston; while a third is safely housed as far away as San Francisco. None of the ladies has asked him if he is already married, and gentlemen do not obtrude their private affairs into general conversation. Mr. Smith has a bungalow on Long Island, or some place like that, and when another lady friend complains that it is so long since she had a sight of the sea, Mr. Smith could hardly be selfish enough to keep his bungalow all to himself.

This is where the deadly work of the private detective comes in. He finds out about the ladies, and Mrs. Early telegraphs to them all to call at the bungalow, and invites Mrs. Smith to come along and watch the circus. I ask you! Mr. Smith is then unexpectedly called upon to convince his wife and her sceptical companion that the ladies about the bungalow are perfect strangers to him, and that if anybody brought them there it must have been that abandoned fellow, Early. Thus we have an extremely complicated situation that is quite after Mr. Charles Hawtrey's heart. Both by rash assertion and cunning implication he preserves his halo for quite a while at Mr. Early's expense; and when he is left alone for a moment or two he sits at the piano and plaintively sings that he only wanted to spread a little sunshine around him. This is an entirely delicious piece of nonsense. On one occasion, when he has all but succeeded in lying himself back into the straight, he remarks confidentially to the audience, "You know, I am not sure that this is strictly right," and the answering shout of laughter must be very encouraging to him. Mr. James Carew is in great form as the cheery scapegoat, Mr. Early, and some of his plain-spoken comments on the way he is being victimised are quite extravagantly funny. Miss Jessie Bateman, as Mrs. Smith, and Miss Athene Seyler, as the suspicious Mrs. Early, are both excellent in their respective spheres, while Miss Joan Barry makes a most agreeable flapper. The play is, perhaps, inclined to drag a little now and then, but, as they say on the other side, not so as you'd notice it. JINGLE

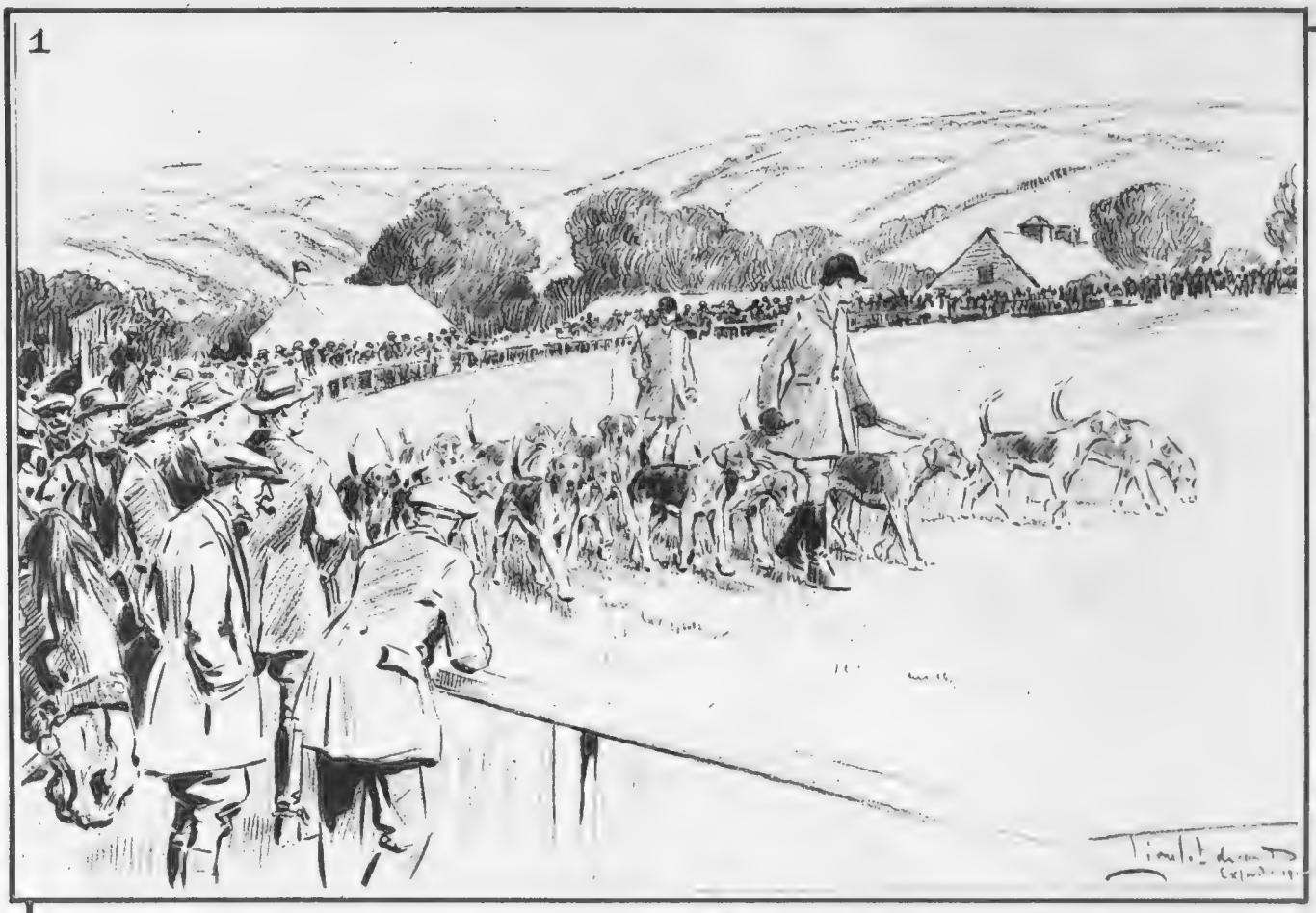
"The Daisy"

Photograph *Dorothy Wilding*

MISS MARY MERRALL

Who is playing lead in "The Daisy," the new play produced last night, September 14th, at the Kingsway Theatre. Miss Merrall was last seen in London in "Our Mr. Hepplewhite," when she made a great hit

Out with the Devon



(1) Parade of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds at Exford Horse Show. It will be noted that the show-ground is on a hill-side

and Somerset Staghounds

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

(2 and 3) Some Devon and Somerset types
(4) Down the side of Dunkerry—going to a "holloa"

A Scene from "Miarka," Réjane's Last Film

"Miarka," a screen version of Jean Richepin's novel, has been produced in Paris by Louis Mercanton, and will shortly be seen in this country. It is the last film play in which Madame Réjane took part before her death. The cast is cosmopolitan in character, England being represented by Ivor Novello, France by the late Madame Réjane, Italy by Desdemona Mazza, and Africa by M. Richepin himself, who was born in Algeria. Above is a scene from the film showing Desdemona Mazza, and inset a photograph of Louis Mercanton (at the wheel of the car) and M. Richepin and the late Madame Réjane, taken in front of the Château de la Roque, near Avignon, where most of the scenes in the play were "staged"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

"The propriety of mixed bathing"

"FIN DE SAISON"

MES AMIS—

THE summer that has never come is going, and *tant mieux* for that. I hate a summer that is mostly winter. Already half the people that make our funny world of Paris begin to come back from the seaside, where there has been nothing to do but lose their money at the Casino while it rained. Only the deputies and the Dadaists are still on holiday, for the former must recover their brains to think out new ways of taxing us, and the latter are making Dada pictures of the country and studying the noises that the cows and the earthworms make, so as to have new ideas for their music.

THERE are many things that happen. For instance, the habit to throw one's wife out of the window, of which I have once spoken before, becomes very popular with our Parisian husbands. In the past week it has happened three times, and one never knows, when one walks along the street, if one shall not receive someone's wife on the head. The police and the Justice begin to consider whether they will not make the punishment for such bad behaviour worse if it is proved that the husband has not cried *garde à vous* to the passers-by before he lets his wife drop. One recognises that for the proper conduct of all affairs and all sport there must be rules. There are some, too, who say that the law 213 of our code should be altered. At present it says that a wife must follow everywhere her husband, and these reformers wish that it should also be that a husband should follow everywhere his wife.

THE other things of our life are not so exciting. Every day the Government decorates with a medal three new towns, so that soon every place in France will have merited well of the Patrie. In some places the towns have only the medal and *Monsieur le Maire*, who makes the speeches, because all the buildings disappeared in the War. The Minister of Hygiene goes to give a medal for the maternity, the post office will give us a new postage stamp, and the Banque de France a new *billet* of forty sous.

"Receive someone's wife on the head"

IT is of these things that we talk, so you see how our talk becomes very small. It is all like you do in England, from which George writes to me that you still impassion yourselves about the propriety of mixed bathing. In France we have settled that question long ago, and now at Deauville the question they discuss is whether it is right that a woman should wear her jewels when she bathes. That is a fashion of our *nouveaux riches*, and one awaits the day when we will have the sensational news, "Robbed of ten thousand francs worth of jewels while bathing." Some day it will happen, and everyone will laugh.

BUT it will scarcely be for this year that that will happen. The sea is too cold for such amusement by our brigands who, one can contest, do not love so much cold water, and even when one has diamonds to display when one bathes it takes courage for Madame Nouveau Riche to venture herself in the water in this autumn when the leaves are already falling from the trees, and one has made the

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"Skirts short and a lot of fur"

momentous decision that one cannot any longer wear one's straw hat, and must take an overcoat in the evening.

IN it all there is one thing that is good. In the evenings at the hour of the *apéritif* there are more people now in the *cafés* to talk and laugh and discuss the politics and the philosophy. The summer is never so sociable in that way for everyone sits on the *terrasse* in the noise of the street and thinks only how to be cool.

THE other day, in the deserted Avenue des Acacias, I found my friend Dominique, who has made that philosophy. "You see," he has said, "how I sit alone because the weather is bad. Now that should not be. In the summer one should never be alone. It is the season for the flirtation. But see how to-day I have a rendezvous here, and she comes not because of the rain. There is nothing to do, *mon vieux*, but to begin the winter at once which is the season of good dining. It has been a summer *ratée* in all my affairs because of this abominable rain."

AND for *les dames* the season that comes has also its pleasures. It is now that they begin to have every day the excitement to discover what goes to be the fashion. For me, I have asked all my friends and Gi-Gi how the frocks would shape themselves, but all that I have understood is that they go to be *ravissante* with the skirts as short as ever and a great deal of fur everywhere, just, I suppose, because it is very expensive. With that I am content, because I like the skirts short and a lot of fur. They give the air to be what your English word describes so well—"cuddlesome."

THERE is not a word like that in our language which is a great loss to us, but, on the other hand, we have the girls of the description, which is something. And never I think do they look better than in this autumn time, when they come back from *les vacances*, and begin to wear again the *tailleur* with their furs. There are already three that I have fallen in love with this week, and because the number is unusual I have wondered why it should be. Now I know. It is because for so long there have been no French girls in Paris, but English ones with long skirts and American ones with long toes.

FOR you it is that you appreciate your country and your own people when you have been abroad. But *certes* in these times of M. Thomas Cook, a Frenchman begins to appreciate his own country after he has spent a summer in Paris. And to those of you who wish to enjoy the real Paris, it is my advice that you come in the months of September and October.

PHILIPPE.

"We have the girls of the description"

A Worm's-Eye View—

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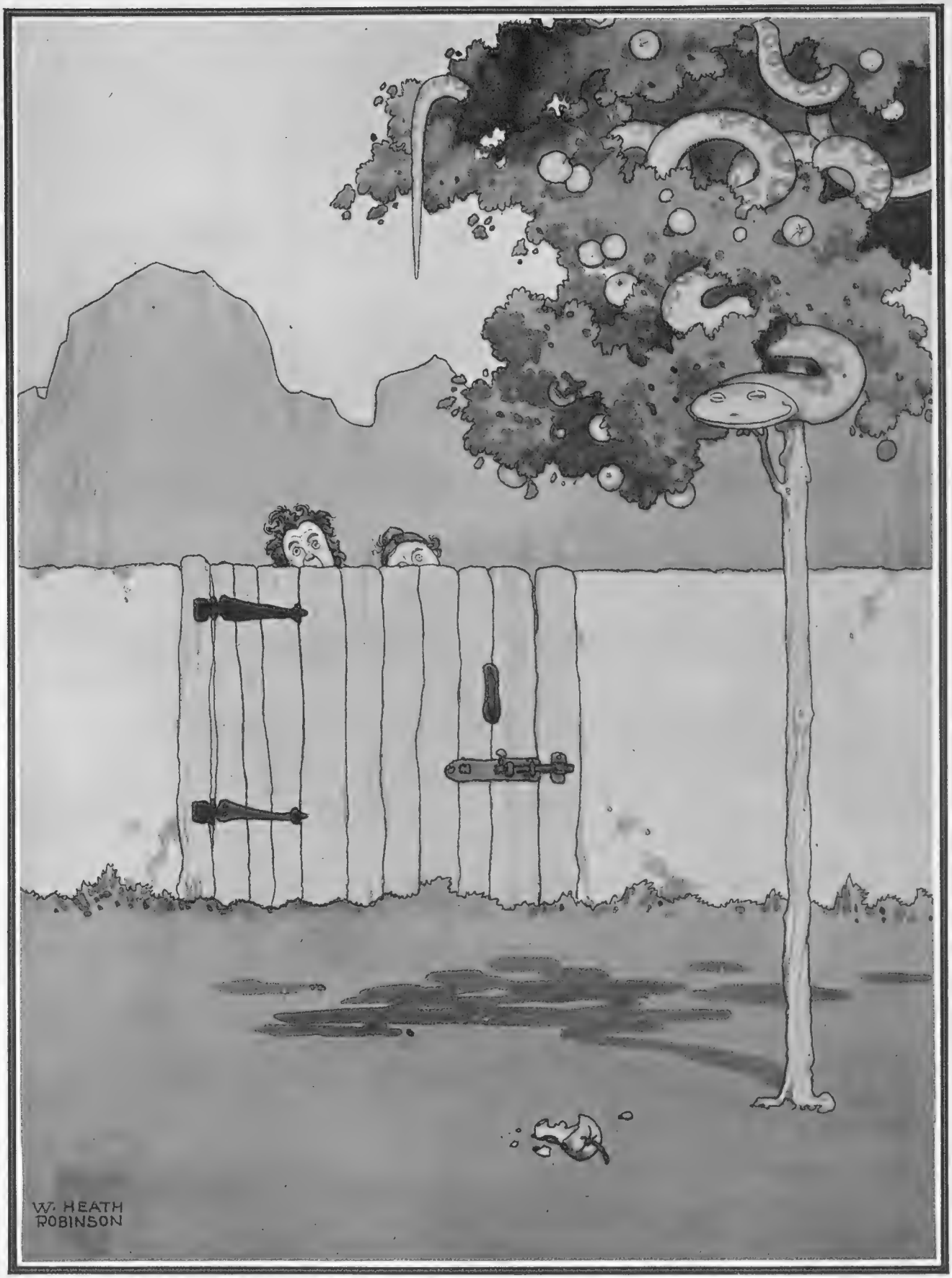

BY HEATH ROBINSON

THE FIRST "LOCK-OUT"

NEW NONSENSE NOVELS

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK R. GREY

NOVEL NUMBER FOUR—*(continued)*

CHAPTER III.

IN the days that followed all England was thrilled to its base as the news spread that the Wazoos might rise at any moment.

"Will the Wazoos rise?" was the question upon every lip.

In London men went to their offices with a sense of gloom. At lunch they could hardly eat. A feeling of impending disaster prevaded all ranks.

Sir John as he passed to and fro to the House was freely accosted in the streets.

"Will the Wazoos rise, sir?" asked an honest labourer. "Lord help us all, sir, if they do."

Sir John, deeply touched, dropped a shilling in the honest fellow's hat, by accident.

At No. 10, Downing Street, women of the working class, with children in their arms, stood waiting for news.

On the Exchange all was excitement. Consols fell two points in twenty-four hours. Even raising the Bank rate and shutting the door, brought only a temporary relief.

Lord Glump, the greatest financial expert in London was reported as saying that if the Wazoos rose England would be bankrupt in forty-eight hours.

Meanwhile, to the consternation of the whole nation, the Government did nothing. The Cabinet seemed to be paralysed.

On the other hand the Press became all the more clamorous. The London *Times* urged that an expedition should be sent at once. Twenty-five thousand household troops, it argued, should be sent up the Euphrates or up the Ganges or up something without delay. If they were taken in flat boats, carried over the mountains on mules, and lifted across the rivers in slings, they could then be carried over the desert on jackasses. They could reach Wazuchistan in two years. Other papers counselled moderation. The *Manchester Guardian* recalled the fact that the Wazoos were a Christian people. Their leader, El Boob, so it was said, had accepted Christianity with childlike simplicity and had asked if there was any more of it. The *Spectator* claimed that the Wazoos, or more properly the Wazî, were probably the descendants of an Iranic or perhaps Urgumic stock. It suggested the award of a Rhodes Scholarship. It looked forward to the days when there would be Wazoos at Oxford. Even the presence of a single Wazoo, or more accurately, a single Wûz, would help.

With each day the news became more ominous. It was reported in the Press that a Wazoo, inflamed apparently with *ghee*, or perhaps with *bhong*, had rushed up to the hills and refused to come down. It was said that the Shriek-ul-Foozlum, the religious head of the tribe, had torn off his suspenders and sent them to Mecca.

That same day the *Illustrated London News* published a drawing, "Wazoo Warriors crossing a River and Shouting Ho!" and the general consternation reached its height.

Meantime, for Sir John and his colleagues, the question of the hour became, "Could the Cabinet be held together?" Every effort was made. The news that the Cabinet had all been seen together at the circus, for a moment reassured the nation. But the rumour spread that the First Lord of the Admiralty had said that the

clowns were a bum lot. The Radical Press claimed that if he thought so he ought to resign.

On the fatal Friday the question already referred to was scheduled for its answer. The friends of the Government counted on the answer to restore confidence. To the consternation of all the expected answer was not forthcoming. The Colonial Secretary rose in his place, visibly nervous. Ministers, he said, had been asked where Wazuchistan was. They were not prepared, at the present delicate stage of negotiations, to say. More hung upon the answer than ministers were entitled to divulge. They could only appeal to the patriotism of the nation. He could only say this, that *wherever* it was, and he used the word *wherever* with all the emphasis of which he was capable, the Government would accept the full responsibility for its being where it was.

The House adjourned in something like confusion.

Among those seated behind the grating of the Ladies' Gallery was Lady Elphinspoon. Her quick instinct told her the truth. Driving home, she found her husband seated, crushed, in his library.

"John," she said, falling on her knees and taking her husband's hands in hers, "is this true? Is this the dreadful truth?"

"I see you have divined it, Caroline," said the statesman, sadly. "It is the truth. We don't know where Wazuchistan is."

For a moment there was silence.

"But John, how could it have happened?"

"We thought the Colonial Office knew. We were confident that they knew. The Colonial Secretary had stated that he had been there. Later on it turned out that he meant Saskatchewan. Of course, they thought *we* knew. And we both thought that the Exchequer must know. We understood that they had collected a hut tax for ten years."

"And hadn't they?"

"Not a penny. The Wazoos live in tents."

"But, surely," pleaded Lady Elphinspoon, "you could find out. Had you no maps?"

Sir John shook his head.

"We thought of that at once, my dear. We've looked all through the British Museum. Once we thought we had succeeded, but it turned out to be Wisconsin."

"But the map in the *Times*? Everybody saw it."

Again the baronet shook his head. "It was made in the office," he said. "It appears that they always are."

"But could you not send some one to see?"

"We did. We sent Perriton Powers to find out where it was. We had a month to the good. It was barely time, just time. Powers has failed and we are lost. To-morrow all England will guess the truth and the Government falls."

"Will the Wazoos rise, sir?"

Chapter IV

The crowd outside of No. 10, Downing Street that evening was so dense that all traffic was at a standstill. But within the historic room where the Cabinet were seated about the long table all was calm. Few could have guessed from the quiet demeanour of the group of statesmen that the fate of an Empire hung by a thread.

Seated at the head of the table the Prime Minister was quietly looking over a book of butterflies, while waiting for the conference to begin. Beside him the Secretary for Ireland was fixing trout flies, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer kept his serene face bent over upon his needlework. At the Prime Minister's right, Sir John Elphinspoon, no longer agitated, but sustained and dignified by the responsibility of his office, was playing spillikins.

The little clock on the mantel chimed eight.

(Continued on page 700)

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NEW NONSENSE NOVELS (continued)

The Premier closed his book of butterflies.

"Well, gentlemen," he said "I fear our meeting will not be a protracted one. It seems we are hopelessly at variance. You, Sir Charles," he continued, turning to the First Sea Lord who was in attendance, "are still in favour of a naval expedition."

"Send it up at once," said Sir Charles.

"Up where?" asked the Premier

"Up anything," answered the old sea dog, "it will get there."

Voices of dissent were raised in undertones around the table.

"I strongly deprecate any expedition," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "I favour a convention with the Shriek. Let the Shriek sign a convention recognising the existence of a Supreme Being and receiving from us a million sterling in acknowledgment."

"And where will you *find* the Shriek?" said the Prime Minister. "Come, come, gentlemen, I fear that we can play this comedy no longer. The truth is," he added with characteristic nonchalance, "we don't know where the bally place is. We can't meet the house to-morrow. We are hopelessly split. Our existence as a Government is at an end."

But at that very moment, a great noise of shouting and clamour rose from the street without. The Prime Minister lifted his hand for silence. "Listen," he said. One of the ministers went to a window and opened it, and the cries outside became audible. "A King's Messenger! Make way for the King's Messenger!"

The Premier turned quietly to Sir John.

"Perriton Powers," he said.

In another moment Perriton Powers stood before the ministers.

Bronzed by the tropic sun, his face was recognisable only by the assured glance of his eye. An Afghan *bernous* was thrown back from his head and shoulders, while his commanding figure was draped in a long *chibouk*. A pair of pistols and a curved *yashmak* were in his belt.

"'So you got to Wazuchistan all right'"

"So you got to Wazuchistan all right," said the Premier quietly.

"I went in by way of Barooda," said Powers. "For many days I was unable to cross it. The waters of the rivers were wild and swollen with rains. To cross it seemed certain death——"

"But at last you got over," said the Premier, "and then——"

"I struck out over the Fahuri desert. For days and days, blinded by the sun, and almost buried in sand, I despaired."

"But you got through it all right. And after that?"

"My first care was to disguise myself. Staining myself from head to foot with betel nut——"

"To look like a beetle," said the Premier, "exactly, and so you got to Wazuchistan. Where is it and what is it?"

"My lord," said Powers, drawing himself up and speaking with emphasis. "I got to where it was thought to be. There is no such place!"

The whole Cabinet gave a start of astonishment.

"No such place!" they repeated.

"What about El Boob?" asked the Chancellor.

"There is no such person."

"And the Shriek-ul-Fooslum?"

Powers shook his head.

"But do you mean to say," said the Premier in astonishment, "that there are no Wazoos? There you *must* be wrong. True, we don't just know where they are. But our despatches have shown too many signs of active trouble traced directly to the Wazoos, to disbelieve in them. There are Wazoos somewhere, there—there *must* be."

"The Wazoos," said Powers, "are there. But they are Irish. So are the Ohulîs. They are both Irish."

"But how the devil did they get there?" questioned the Premier. "And why did they make the trouble?"

"The Irish, my lord," interrupted the Chief Secretary for Ireland, "are everywhere, and it is their business to make trouble."

"Some years ago," continued Powers, "a few Irish families settled out there. The Ohulîs should be properly called the O'Hooleys. The word Wazoo is simply the Urdu for McGinnis. El Boob is the Urdu for the Arabic El Papa, the Pope. It was my knowledge of Urdu, itself an agglutinative language——"

"Precisely," said the Premier. Then he turned to his Cabinet. "Well, gentlemen, our task is now simplified. If they are Irish, I think we know exactly what to do. I suppose," he continued, turning to Powers, "that they want some kind of Home Rule?"

"They do," said Powers.

(Continued on page 704)

GREAT HOSPITALS. (*No. 3*)

University College Hospital was founded in 1833 for the treatment of the necessitous poor, and was originally the Medical School of the University of London.

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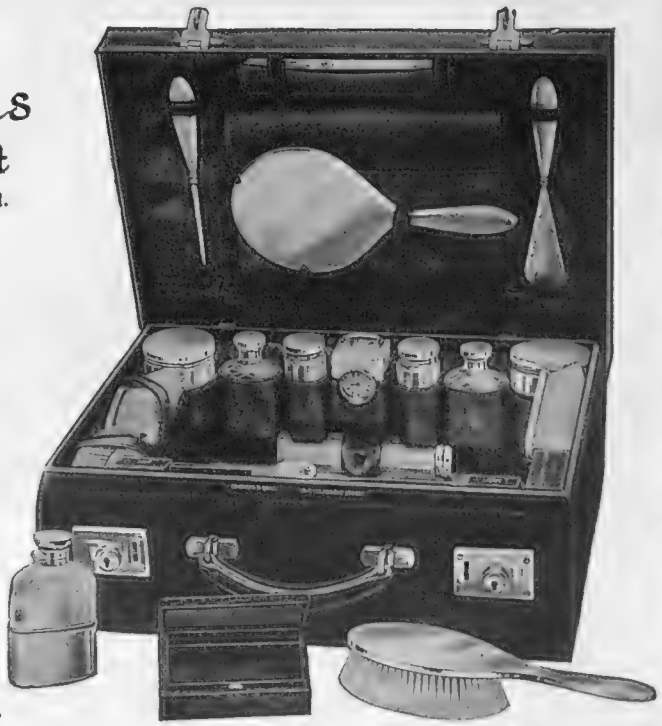

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When We All Have Our Unions

BY ELLIS SILAS

A PEEP INTO THE NEAR FUTURE

NEW NONSENSE NOVELS (continued)

"Separating, of course, the Ohulî countries from Wazoo?"

"Yes," said Powers.

"Precisely; the thing is simplicity itself. And what contribution will they make to the Imperial Exchequer?"

"None."

"And will they pay their own expenses?"

"They refuse to."

"Exactly. All this is plain sailing. Of course, they must have a constabulary. Lord Edward," continued the Premier, turning now to the Secretary of War, "how long will it take to send in a couple of hundred constabulary? I think they'll expect it, you know. It's their right."

"Let me see," said Lord Edward, calculating quickly with military precision, "sending them over the Barooda in buckets and then over the mountains in baskets, I think about two weeks."

"Good," said the Premier. "Gentlemen, we shall meet the House to-morrow. Sir John, will you meantime draft us an Annexation Bill. And you, young man, what you have done is really not half bad. His Majesty will see you to-morrow. I am glad that you are safe."

"On my way home," said Powers, with quiet modesty, "I was attacked by a lion——"

"But you beat it off," said the Premier. "Exactly. Good-night."

CHAPTER V.

IT was on the following afternoon that Sir John Elphinspoon presented the Wazoo Annexation Bill to a crowded and breathless House.

Those who know the House of Commons know that it has its moods. At times it is grave, earnest, thoughtful. At other times earnest, thoughtful. At other times it is swept with emotion which comes at it in wakes. Or at times, again, it just seems to sit there as if it were stuffed.

But all agreed that they had never seen the House so hushed as when Sir John Elphinspoon presented his bill for the Annexation of Wazuchistan. And when at the close of a splendid peroration he turned to pay a graceful compliment to the man who had saved the nation, and thundered forth to the delighted ears of his listeners:

Arma virumque cano Wazoo qui primus ab oris,

and then, with the words "England, England" still on his lips, fell over backwards and was carried out on a stretcher, the House broke into wild and unrestrained applause.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next day Sir Perriton Powers—for the King had knighted him after breakfast—stood again in the conservatory of the house in Carlton terrace.

"I have come for my reward," he said, "do I get it?"

"You do," said Angela.

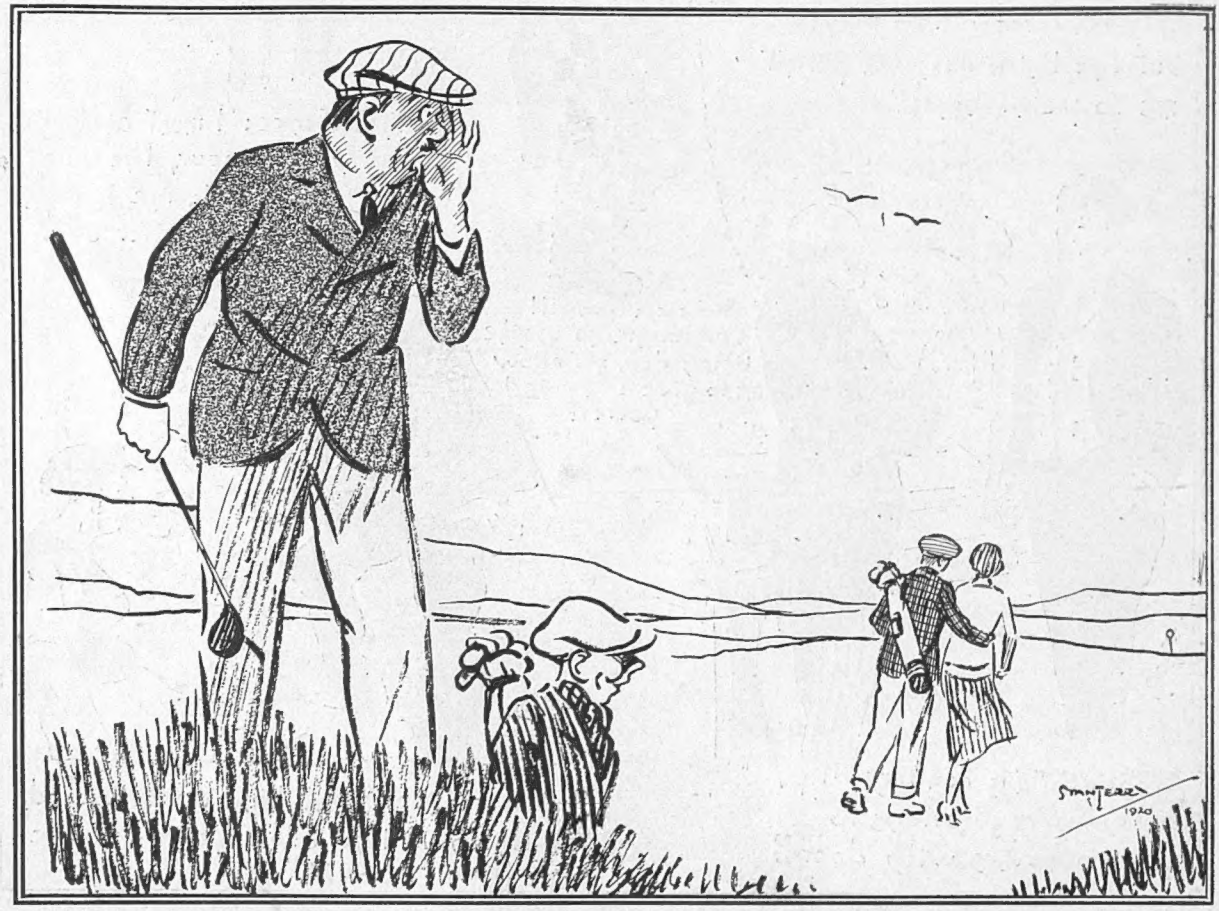
Sir Perriton clasped her in his arms.

"On my way home," he said, "I was attacked by a lion. I tried to beat it——"

Hush, dearest," she whispered, "let me take you to father."

END OF NOVEL NO. IV.

New Nonsense Novel No. V will begin in next week's issue, September 22nd, and will be concluded in the following number.



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